

it left something  
to be desired.

He asked for the time  
and I noticed  
that he had no face,  
no hands.

### Good Humor

no one is laughing  
everybody looks for signs

lips move  
like concrete mixers  
like grass wavering in the wind

beavers diddle in the hay  
and cats tune their guts  
for a tactical dance

sacred cows in wire pastures  
coddle their agendas  
count down their up

dogs see everything as sport  
and heed a master voice  
that chokes on nightly harks

dishes bask in suntanned cupboards  
dripped dry from hasty puddings

silver sleeps in drawers  
under the weather wear

the ice cream is melting

-- Ben Tibbs

Kalamazoo, MI

NOTES:.....  
Seeking lyric poems: Karen & John Sollin, eds. new Spring Rain, P.O. Box 15319 Wedgwood Stat., Seattle WA 98115. ¶  
Also seeking poems: Mike Murphy, ed.: Lebyadkin, 1415 Clearview St.(D-418), Philadelphia PA 19141. ¶ Kumquat:3 (last issue) now fm. Geof Hewitt, RD 4, Enosburg Falls VT 05450 -- also issues Jonathan Williams' Apocryphal, Oracular Yeah-Sayings of Mae West, unpriced. ¶ Harper Sq. Press publ. Levitations & Observations, \$1.75 as 3rd of their Gallery Series fm. 5649 South Harper Ave., Chicago IL 60637.